THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 23.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. XLVIII.

"Carry me, I pray thee, to the land of my fathers, that so I may depart in peace."

THE CONVENIENCE of life depends more perhaps on accidental feelings and early prejudices, than on deep researches of reason or abstract proofs of propriety. The first is within every person's power, the last is the prerogative of few. Every man has enjoyments which please only himself, aversions which nobody beside regards, and prejudices of which the best that can be said is they are neither immoral nor injurious. They are weaknesses of his own mind, for which though he cannot satisfy the stoic on principles of philosophy, he can justify to a man of the world, on principles of human nature.

A wonderful facility of associating ideas, makes a place dear and interesting, which has no other circumstance to recommend it than that it was the scene of former joys; it recalls those sensations of pleasure which once warmed the heart and presents us in visions of fancy with those lovely friends, who soothed misfortune by sympathy, or enlarged by participating pleasure. To discard these emotions or attempt to impose a check on the causes which produce them, may suit indeed with the precepts of a visionary system, but will never correspond with the best feelings of mankind.

The prejudices which arise from early impressions, leave deep marks on the mind and are probably among the first causes of happiness. Who does not love to recollect the days of boy-hood, the time of infantile simplicity; when no care disturbed the mind, no anxiety deprived pleasure of its zest? Whose countenance receives no flush of joy when he marks the spot consecrated in his memory by giving him the first view of the world; where with *satchel on his back creeping* to school he had passed the gaiety of youth, mingled with ambitious zeal in boyish sports, and felt all the pride of bloodless victory? This may be prejudice—yes, even folly, but is it not pleasure? Is it not nature? Yonder village is the place of your nativity; the house now almost a ruin was the mansion of your fathers, can you pass it with indifference? Does it not bring to mind instances of paternal kindness, and renew upon the ear the sweet sounds of maternal affection? Or are the ideas of infancy, like your foot steps on the gravel walk, obliterated by other impressions and worn away by time? True indeed the companions of your early sports are separated; the guardians of your younger years have paid the

debt of nature; the exterior of the place is changed; the parish church has grown more venerable by its years, but it is yet familiar to your eye; it renews feelings which nature is proud to inculcate, and which it is either affectation or insensibility to deny. The man of the world has no sentiment of this kind. With the confidence of conviction he would declare that there now exists no cause for preference, that reason finds nothing here more noble than elsewhere and to act otherwise than from the steady dictates of judgment is unmanly and disgraceful.

There is a grace beyond the reach of art, says the poet, and perhaps there may be found "merit beyond the circuit of reason." A cold and phlegmatic judgment will creep cautiously on actions which a generous bosom will perform by an instinctive impulse; some sentiments are virtuous principally because they are spontaneous; and the heart that always waits to calculate by moral diagrams will derive little merit from its actions. Judgment is requisite in the *application* of principles, and time may be required for the determination of particular acts; but there is no delay requisite to approve the sentiments of virtue, and the mind should readily assent to the first feelings of benevolence.

Cornelia has long worn round her neck a small braid of hair. It is really of no use and very little ornament; but it was the parting gift of one she loved and has been consecrated to friendship by the tear of affection. It renews in her mind the virtues of an amiable and endearing character, and diminishes the pain of separation by the remembrance of former kindness. Like the talisman in oriental fable, it presents the living features of her friend in those delightful visions, which it pictures to the fancy.

Man of intellect, deride not the feelings of *Cornelia*, smile not with fancied superiority at the recital. Science has stored your mind with a valuable treasure, it has opened to you the depositories of wealth. But let not the grandeur of those objects which she spreads to your admiring view, divert your attention entirely from the smaller pursuits of life; destroy not the flower while you contemplate the oak, though of humbler claim it has still its utility, and should be preserved for its beauty, if not for its use. Genius has its eccentricities, and humanity its foibles. It is only the virtuous mind which can feel the influence of those softer impressions. Vice destroys the sympathy that forms them; they are creatures of reflection, but the mind dreads retrospection when conscience accuses it of crime.

But what would the Wanderer commend? Is it that aspen-like sensibility, which is affected by every breeze, sensation at every pore? agitated, fainting, dying by the mere visions of affrighted imagination? Is it that interest in the heroine of a novel, which invades the duties of domestic life? Or is it that visionary system of universal philanthropy, which, discarding the common causes of affection, loses itself in an unexplored forest of fraternity? By no means; it is sensibility of a less attenuated kind; that which has humanity for its guide and virtue for its end. It is the heart sensible to the delights of friendship, but capable of discrimination; neither "like Niobe, all tears" at every fictitious tale of distress, nor yet unaffected by those real evils which chequer the life of man. It is that medium between affectation and insensibility, where the true

point of virtue exists; but this medium is rarely attained. It was fashionable at one time to indulge on every occasion the most melancholy musings of distress. Novels, by which this fashion was first introduced, pleased no longer than they wound up the feelings to the highest key; and their popularity was secured only by affording the pleasure of mourning over imaginary horrors. Returning reason has dissolved the charm, but it is doubtful whether the reaction it occasions will carry back the mind beyond the division line between propriety and folly. An interest, a lively interest in concerns which have no immediate operation on ourselves is so far from being improper that the want of it is the mark of a sour and unamiable disposition. Local attachments are not in themselves dishonorable, and friendship may justly add value to those little tokens of regard which are offered as a tribute to affection.

Be not then ashamed LOUISA of those tears which the melancholy narrative of the late shipwreck* drew from your eyes; they are pearls of humanity more valuable than any gem that ever was gathered from the Indian sea, and adding to your charms more loveliness than any jewel that ever sparkled on your breast. Indulge these emotions. Realize the situation of the child, for whose safety a father sacrificed his life. Bring to your view the lingering horrors of the miserable survivors. Picture their disappointment, when the morning star deceived them with hopes of deliverance; when faint and expiring, the unexpected assurance of safety could hardly paint joy on their countenance. These are circumstances which may well call for the display of all those feelings of humanity which play round the virtuous heart. The tear which glitters at the recital, is more honorable than the star of nobility, and more precious than the embalming aromatics of Egypt. E.

* The ship *Rose in Bloom*. She was lost in the gale on her voyage from Charleston (S. C.) to New York. Twenty souls perished. A particular narrative of the distressing event has been inserted in the daily papers.

For the Emerald.

Messrs. Editors,

THAT a Reviewer is bound not to answer, when attacked, is matter of notoriety. To attack him is therefore cowardly. His office of necessity imposes an obligation not to defend. There would else be no end to Reviews. We should have a Review reviewed, and a Reviewer of that Review, fast tumbling one upon another, till it would be all a dream to imagine Jacob's ladder could reach the top of the heap.

Silence on such an occasion should not then be taken for evidence of conviction. That a Reviewer says nothing raises no presumption that nothing can be said. It is still not meet, that a man "should be ignorant and supercilious without punishment." ROWLAND should therefore not be utterly unnoticed. The *silence* of contempt is too great reward for the deserts of a writer, who "can pass without censure only when he passes without observation."

The review of "Home" in the 21st Emerald had for its object, what should indeed be the object of every review, critical analysis. It therefore labored to point out faults; but was on the whole a very flattering criticism. It raised the *anonymous* author, where it is feared it will be generally thought he ought ever to be *nameless*, into the same company with *Campbell* and *Rogers*,

and placed his production, where the poet, should he look for it, would be surprised to find "Home" in a strange land, on the identical shelf with the Pleasures of Memory and the Pleasures of Hope. Yet Rowland heads his remarks with a hint from Boileau, that Rhodolphus is more inclined to blame, than commend, known merit. "Risum teneatis, amici!"

"His *brown cliffs* towering to the sunny sky,"

is a line adduced by the Reviewer of "Home" as an instance where prosody is outraged. "Innumerable instances," says Rowland, "of the "accent falling on the *epithet* in- "stead of the word which it quali- "fies, may be produced from almost "any modern poem of any celebri- "ty." We advise a "re-perusal" of the review, as it might make the commentator better apprehend the meaning of the reviewer.—The fault of this line arises not from the falling of the accent on the epithet or the word it would qualify; but from quite another cause; from the coming together of two long syllables so in the same line as to destroy harmony. That Rodolphus is well founded in this censure, I see no other reason to doubt, than what arises from Rowland's coincidence of opinion.

As to the *caveat* entered by the poet in his notes against censure for the frequent use of *Alexandrines*, Rhodolphus was not bound to notice it. Nor was it proper he should. It is beneath the dignity of a critic to be kept at bay by the object of his criticism, nor should he deign to give him battle. He very properly took Pope's own construction, as given *in his own practice*, of what he meant by the "*needless* Alexandrine." And if the lad will turn to his Murray, which he seems to have read with some little diligence, he will find the grammarian, under the head of Prosody, sanctions Pope's prudence in this respect by exacting that the Alexandrine should be "used sparingly and with judgment."

"Relentless watch that knows not rest *or* sleep."

Here it was said by the Reviewer in your paper, "*or*" should be *nor*, not being used for neither. However plain this be, it seems not to preclude dispute. Murray is taken out of the satchel, and what was probably part of the boy's last lesson, and therefore fresh in his memory, turned to, as an authority to prove the contrary. "When the conjunction *either* may be supposed, though not expressed, after the first negative, we may with propriety use either *or* or *not* for the correspondent conjunction: as, "He was not (either) learned or wise:" "He never (either) ate or drank afterwards;" or, "He was not learned *nor* wise;" or, "not learned *or* wise," Boston 2d edit. p. 170. What does Bishop Lowth say on the subject? He at least equals Murray for "the unqualified commendation he has received from the literati both of Great-Britain and America." His words are, "some conjunctions have "their correspondent conjunctions "belonging to them, so that in the "subsequent member of the sen- "tence, the latter answers to the "former," and instances "*either, or*," "*neither, nor*." New Grammars are made, it seems, as "new medicines, by pouring out of one phial into another." This sentence from Lowth, word for word, Murray has adopted, but then he labors to introduce an exception. Now this exception to schoolboy readers would seem fair enough. *Or* is correspondent to *either*. Whenever either is understood, it must be the

same as if expressed. *Or* in any such case will do, and even *nor*, if a negative should chance to be used, would be quite tolerated. We wonder this reasoning should have misled Murray. There is not a case in which "*neither*" is used, that is not resolvable into *not either*. We know not but etymology would so resolve it. But it needs not Horne Tooke's ingenuity of research into the doctrine of conjunctions to ascertain that it is universally so resolvable. Unfortunately the very example introduced by Murray, as within the *first* rule, is also within the exception. *Neither* thou *nor* I "am able to compass it." Not *either* thou *or* I am able to compass it. The exception proves too much; it therefore proves nothing. The rule then stands without exception.

"Analogy might have taught the bard that Goldsmith or Pope would have written it thus,"

"Relentless watch, that knows *nor* rest *nor* sleep."

Rowland can *not understand* what is here meant by "*Analogy*." This is no fault of Rhodolphus. The father of spirits can alone give understanding. Rowland saves us the trouble of searching for similar instances in the pages of Goldsmith or Pope. He grants such instances can be found. In the language of a special pleader, he demurs for want of form, and admits the facts. Goldsmith and Pope did then use negative conjunctions in this way in other lines, and yet we cannot say they would have thus used them in this line. What is the very definition of analogy, but reasoning from past instances to present or future? Or in the better language of Rodolphus, from what does analogy teach, "but from past to present and future examples? Does Rowland find fault with the personification? No wonder he, whose style is a *dead* letter throughout, should object, were life to be given to any one word in the language.

"His form *more dazzling* bright." We know no poetic licence, says the Emerald Reviewer, that will make the participle an adverb.—"The participle" says the Repertory writer "when used as an adjective, is subject to the same rules, and is consequently entitled to the same license as the adjective."—Who ever doubted this? It follows of course from its being used as an adjective. But this commentator furnishes us with no evidence that it is so used other than *his* confidence. When confidence is once taken for argument or arrogance for proof, there is no point we shall not readily yield to the redoubtable Rowland,

But what is the substance of the reasoning on this point? The participle, when used as an adjective, is entitled to the same license as the adjective: No instance is adduced where the participle is thus used. But an adjective is used as an adverb. Therefore a participle is used as an adverb. This is being rather circumlocutory to express a *naked* assertion, that participles are used as adverbs. But unluckily the example from Milton will hardly bear him out in the position, that an *adjective* may be used as an *adverb*.

Air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd,
Frequent.

The construction we are bound to give to a sentence from any correct writer is that which will most completely reconcile it with the common rules of grammar. Because the presumption is, such writer used the words of the sentence with this construction. Agreeably to this rule, the fair and obvious con-

struction of the sentence in question, is that which will make *frequent* an adjective to agree with fowl, as if the sentence read in prose, by *frequent* fowl, fish, beast, air, water, earth, was flown, was swum, &c. This is really too plain to need further illustration.

As to *pour* being marked in the late edition of Johnson's Walker precisely like *power*, we have to say only, that IT IS NOT TRUE. *Pour* is there made a monosylable and *power* a dissyllable.

As to the observations on the suggestion of unwarrantable "digression," to show how ridiculous such remarks are, we have merely to take the other side the dilemma, and return Rowland his own words. "*We* can only observe that we "*do*" "consider it as such. *We* have not "room to discuss this point, but re-"commend a re-perusal of three or "four pages, in which this passage "is included. *We* presume *this* crit-"ic has misunderstood his author."

The censure of the line descriptive of a storm at sea seems to be wholly misunderstood. It was not reprehended because the language was "lofty or figurative," but because it was too mean and diminutive for a subject really lofty and dignified. It was said to be bathos, not bombast. But was not this blunder purposely made to introduce the *happy quotation?*

As to *real* being a monosyllable, we remember a professor of rhetoric of some eminence, that pronounced and considered it in the same way. As to the doctrine of rhymes, we believe it sanctioned by the first critics in the language. Were it otherwise, one half the rhymes of our best vernacular poets would be unauthorized. Doct. Johnson and Murray define "rhyme to be the "correspondence of the last sound "of one verse, to the last sound or "*syllable* of another;" evidently denoting, if I may be allowed the tautology, that it need not *necessarily* be, "to the last *sound* of ano-"ther." But the poet in his Note, seems to say that he is "not bound "to subject himself to stricter fet-"ters than those worn by the most "distinguished of his predecessors, "Pope." As to Alexandrines, he would have done well to have subjected himself to fetters as strict. But Pope wrote an abundance; and if this illustrious versifier alone be conclusive authority for rhyme, scarcely a rhyme in the language, that is not correct.

We advise Rowland thoroughly to learn his lesson before he again attempts to recite. In scribbling about the accent "falling on the *epithet*," about "lofty and figurative language," and the marking of "power" and "pour," he has certainly *blundered most strangely*. We do not mean thus publicly to admonish him for *negligence*. At the same time, would he voluntarily retire into the country, it might be for his intellectual improvement. He must have forgotten that to write, it is first necessary to think; that it is essential to the correctness of a commentary that the text be rightly understood; that the heat gained from haste of composition is not the ardor of conviction; that the sophomoric strut of juvenile arrogance can never be mistaken for the meek triumph of truth.

PHILO-RODOLPHUS.

BIOGRAPICAL AND LITERARY NOTICES CONCERNING THE LATE DR. JAMES BEATTIE, PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND LOGIC IN THE MARESCHAL COLLEGE OF NEW ABERDEEN. *(Continued.)*

Mr. BEATTIE had now acquired some poetical reputation. He was known to be possessed of learning; his studious disposition continually urged

him to acquire more: he was entitled to be raised above the drudgery of teaching children; and through the influence of the Earl of Errol, he was elected a Professor in that College where he himself had been a student.

The contrast betwixt the school master at Alloa and the Professor in the University of Aberdeen, was sufficiently striking. Mr. Beattie no doubt felt it in its full force; and he resolved to act in a manner worthy of his dignified situation. Poetry had probably engrossed a great number of his leisure hours previous to this period, but studies more immediately necessary now claimed his whole attention. He determined not to be an inactive member of the honourable body to which he belonged, but to prove, by his diligent application, and his philosophical exertions, that he was worthy of the seat to which he had been elevated.

An active and penetrating mind will at all times discover excellent subjects on which to exercise its powers; but this was a period fruitful in investigation, and especially of those objects which more peculiarly belonged to Mr. Beattie's sphere of study in the University. The philosophy of mind was the fashionable pursuit, and had been treated by several eminent authors, and, in particular, by Mr. Hume. The opinions of this writer, and his conclusions on the subjects of his research, were characterised by a boldness which had seldom been equalled in any country, and never in Scotland. But though Hume's reasonings led to the most boundless scepticism, and were so opposite to the sober spirit of thinking previously cherished in Scotland; yet such were the acuteness of his powers, and the ingenuity of his logical inductions, that he had become the leader of a new school, and formed the opinions of many who had formerly belonged to a more temperate philosophy. The abettors of the old systems were alarmed at his conclusions; they grieved to see such dangerous notions acquire so extensive an influence; they were anxious for what appeared to them to be the cause of truth and sound philosophy, and directed all their powers to confute the reasonings and to overturn the positions, of this mighty opponent.

Dr. Reid had already begun the attack, in 1764, in his excellent "Inquiry into the Human Mind:" and Mr. Beattie published his "Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism," in the year 1770.

It has sometimes been alleged, that the motive which induced Mr. B. to oppose the writings of Hume was not of the purest nature; that he was excited by personal chagrin, and a desire to revenge some insult he had received from Hume. Whether or not this was the case, it is not now our business to inquire. The motives which a writer may have for his publication are not of so much concern to the public as the merits of his work; whether it contains an able treatment of its subject, and accomplishes what was purposed.

The popularity which the Essay on Truth obtained for its author was very extensive. It was eagerly perused by all who were fond of pneumatological studies, and received the warmest approbation of those who shuddered at the view of *the Ideal Philosophy*. Its fame was equally extensive in England. The Common-Sense philosophers rejoiced at having this defence of their system; the most unbounded praises were lavished upon the Professor of the North; and it was even suggested by some eminent in power, to have him converted from the Church of Scotland, and to present him with a dignified benefice in the English Church.

The impolicy of this proposition was, however, soon recognized. It was observed, that the writings of a clergyman in defence of religion were more liable to be viewed as an interested defence of the opinions of his order, than the unprejudiced productions of a layman; and that Beattie could more essentially serve the cause of truth, and with better grace, as a Professor of Moral Philosophy in Scotland, than as a Bishop in the Church of England. As a compensation for past, and an inducement for future exertions, he was, therefore, presented with an annuity of 200l; and "it was understood, that thus pensioned, he should lie on the watch, and confute every sceptical and profane opinion that should, after all that he had written, dare to start up in the world*."

Perhaps the most pleasing advantage which Beattie derived from the publica-

* *Boswell's life of Dr. Samuel Johnson, Vol. II.*

tion of his work was, its being the occasion of his obtaining the acquaintance and friendship of many learned and eminent characters in England. The acquisition of a circle of learned friends is the most valuable and soothing reward of literary toil, because the correspondence and conversation which result from such connexions are equally productive of further instruction and the most refined pleasure. The author of the Essay on Truth was now entitled to the attention of the literary world; he was to be considered as adding one more to the literati of his country, and as a distinguished member of the republic of letters. Among his brethren at home, he was highly respected; and whenever he went to London, his company was courted by persons of illustrious rank; by all who were celebrated for literature, or venerable in the Church.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, at this time, presided over the literature of England. The acquaintance of Beattie, with him took place in the year 1771, through the following introductory letter of Mr. Boswell, and continued with mutual kindness till Dr. Johnson's death:

"*To Dr.* JOHNSON.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The bearer of this, Mr. Beattie, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen, is desirous of being introduced to your acquaintance. His genius, and learning, and labours, in the service of virtue and religion, render him very worthy of it; and as he has a high esteem of your character, I hope you will give him a favourable reception.

"I am, &c.

"JAMES BOSWELL."

Though Mr. Beattie had obtained greater fame as a philosopher than perhaps the merits of his work deserved, in this year (1771) appeared another production, of a very different kind, and on which his reputation will be founded with a greater degree of stability and permanence than upon all his other works. This was, "Book I. of the the Minstrel: or, the Progress of Genius." The second book followed in 1774.

The subject of this delightful poem had, it is probable, occurred to Beattie at a period of life comparatively early. It is altogether in unison with the romantic emotions of the youthful heart: and from the moment when it first struck the fancy of the juvenile poet, it had been warmly cherished in secret, and gradually enlarged, as the poetical fancy dilated, and the intellectual resources of the author became more extensive. The elementary sentiments of the Minstrel had been conceived in the country, among rural delights, when the imagination was highly susceptible of those impressions which are never to be erased, and which modify all future associations. But the principal finishing was executed in 1768, and it was polished from time to time until its publication.

(To be continued.)

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

IT would be well if those who have the immediate direction of youth would realize the propriety of Juvenal's admonition.

Nil dictu fœdum visuque hæc limina tangat
Intra quæ puer est—
Maxima debetur puero reverentia.

HUGH BOYD AND SIR WM. DRAPER.

THE Biographer of Boyd strenuously contends for him the praise of having been the author of Junius, and introduces the following anecdote.

Some months after the letters of Junius were published, Boyd met Sir Wm. Draper at the Tennis court, where their acquaintance was originally formed in 1769, and where (being both great tennis-players,) they used frequently to meet. The conversation turning on Junius, Sir William observed "that tho' Junius had treated him with extreme severity; he now looked upon him as an honest fellow—that he freely forgave him for the bitterness of his censures; that there was no man with whom he would more gladly drink a bottle of Burgundy. Boyd took no notice of the assertion, but

after playing at Tennis till a late hour, he proposed to Sir William that they should dine together at a favorite tavern. The Knight very readily consented to the proposal, while Boyd had the inward satisfaction of doing justice to his candor as well as his wishes.—This story is handsomely told, but not very probable.

THE FINE ARTS

In the age of Pericles arrived at astonishing perfection in the Athenian Republic. "The dazzled multitude" judge of the power of a State by its magnificence: hence that repect for artists who distinguish themselves by a happy boldness. Some labored gratuitously for the Republic, and had honors decreed them; others enriched themselves either by teaching pupils, or taking money from those who came to admire their masterly productions. Several, elated with general approbation, found a still more flattering recompence in the consciousness of their superiority and in the homage they themselves rendered to their abilities; nor did they blush to inscribe on their pictures: It will be easier to criticise than to imitate. *Zeuxis* acquired such great wealth that towards the end of his life he made presents of his paintings, affirming that nobody was rich enough to purchase. Parrhacius had such an exalted opinion of himself as to lay claim on a divine origin.

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON

Were celebrated names in the annals of Greece. The following is the translation of a song in their praise:

I will wear my sword covered with myrtle branches, like Harmodius and Aristogiton, when they slew the tyrant and established equality of laws in Athens.

Beloved Harmodius, thou art not dead! They say thou livest in the Islands of the blessed, where is the swift footed Achilles, and Diomed the valiant son of Tydeus.

I will wear my sword covered with myrtle branches, like Harmodius and Aristogiton, when they slew the tyrant Hipparchus at the festival of the Panathenæa

May your glory be eternal, beloved Harmodius, noble Aristogiton, since you have slain the tyrant, and established equality of laws in Athens!

They who have read Madoc, will read again with pleasure the wonderful account of the *Snake God*, and those who have not, may have their curiosity excited by it to a good purpose. Southey has been censured for this part of his "poetical story" as absurd and improbable. But that serpents can be tamed is a known zoological fact, that they have been seen of this size is likewise true, and for the purpose of governing a people, the ingenuity of man would perform greater wonders than the taming of a monster.

As with bark and resinous boughs they pile
The sepulchre, suddenly Neolin
Sprung up aloft, and shrieked, as one who treads
Upon a viper in his heedless path.
The God! the very God! he cried, and howled
One long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry;
Whereat, from that dark temple issued forth
A Serpent, huge and hideous. On he came,
Straight to the sound, and curled around the Priest,
His mighty folds innocuous, overtopping
His human height, and arching down his head,
Sought in the hands of Neolin for food;

Then questing, reared and stretched and waved his neck,
And glanced his forky tongue. Who then had seen
The man, with what triumphant fearlessness,
Arms, thighs, and neck, and body wreathed and ringed
In those tremendous folds, he stood secure,
Played with the reptile's jaws, and called for food,
Food for the present God! . . who then had seen
The fiendish joy which fired his countenance,
Might well have weened that he had summoned up
The dreadful monster from its native Hell,
By devilish power, himself a fiend infleshed.
Blood for the God! he cried; Lincoya's blood,
Friend of the Serpent's foe! . . . Lincoya's blood!

* * * * * *

. . . . . But when Neolin perceived
The growing stir and motion of the crowd,
As from the outward ring they moved away,
He uttered a new cry, and disentangling
The passive reptile's folds, rushed out among them,
With outstretched hands like one possessed, to seize
His victim. Then they fled; for who could tell
On whom the madman, in that hellish fit,
Might cast the lot? An eight-years boy he seized,
And held him by the leg, and, whirling him
In ritual dance, till breath and sense were gone,
Set up the death-song of the sacrifice.
Amalahta, and what others rooted love
Of evil leagued with him, accomplices
In treason, joined the death-song and the dance.
Some too there were, believing what they feared,
Who yielded to their old idolatry,
And mingled in the worship. Round and round [ed
The accursed minister of murder whirl-
His senseless victim; they, too, round and round,
In maddening motion, and with maddening cries,
Revolving, whirled and wheeled. At length, when now,
According to old rites, he should have dashed
On the stone Idol's head the wretch's brains,
Neolin stopt, and once again began
The long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry
The Serpent knew the call, and, rolling on,
Wave above wave, his rising length, advanced
His open jaws; then, with the unexpected prey,
Glides to the dark recesses of his den.

MAXIMS AND RULES

For the conduct of Women, by the late Countess of Boufflers.

1. In the exterior, decency and cleanliness.
2. In demeanor, reason and simplicity.
3. In actions, justice and generosity.
4. In language, truth and perspicuity.
5. In adversity, fortitude and pride.
6. In prosperity, moderation and modesty.
7. In company affability and ease.
8. In domestic life, rectitude and kindness, without familiarity.
9. Fulfil duties according to their order and importance.
10. Never allow yourself any thing but what a third enlightened and impartial person would allow you.
11. Avoid giving advice.
12. When you have a duty to fulfil consider dangers only as inconveniences, and not as obstacles.
13. Sacrifice every thing to peace of mind.
14. Combat adversity, as disease, with temperance.
15. Be anxious only to do what is right, paying as much respect as possible to the world and to the laws of decorum; but, having observed this rule, be indifferent to public opinion.
16. Deserve respect.

The Wanderer this evening has discussed a subject which has given rise to many opposite opinions. The reputation of these numbers will ensure attention, and we trust it will be found he has chosen the true path between the extravagance of Wieland and the folly of the Cynics.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

LOVE.

Hast thou seen in cloudless night
When so bright
Hesper in his glory rises,
Him that lovers most revere,
And so dear,
Night of all her stars most prizes?

Hast thou seen where flow'rets blow,
Her to grow,
Beauty calls the queen of flowers;
When soft kiss'd by vernal gales,
She exhales,
Fragrance thro' the air in showers.

O! as fair 'mid stars of night,
Hesper's light,
Shines, all other stars excelling;
And tints as fair, as spring's sweet rose
Doth disclose,
Than others blooming round her dwelling.

Thus, superior all above,
Shines my love!
Beauteous as the orient morning,
When all beauty she doth rise,
And the skies,
With her roseate tints adorning.

In the heart's recesses, Love,
Where you rove,
Making your behest a duty,
Let me, with a poet's eye,
Its tints descry,
Decking thee in awful beauty.

Thou 'rt fair, as is the god of day,
With golden ray
Rising glorious out of ocean;
While his car each swelling wave
Gently lave
Glittering sweet in every motion.

Fair, as when at highest noon,
Rides the moon
Shedding round her silver glory;
And loves to see where crown'd with wreath,
Once beneath
The fairies, great in ancient story.

Fair, as when in vernal day
Thou doth play,
And in Beauty's lap reposes;
While with fond maternal joy
Eyes her boy,
And bedecks with paphian roses.

Oh! is it true then, mighty Love,
That you prove
Your power with care and pain and sorrow?

Too well I know the thrilling smart;
And my heart
From thee, full many a care doth borrow.

Thou art, most true, as poets say,
In sweet lay,
Arm'd with gold and leaden arrow;
Thou hast a quiver all of gold
And dost hold,
A torch, wherewith the soul to harrow.

Yes, now can my soul believe
You deceive,
And mean deceit while sweetly smiling;
That you with cruel fraudful art
Seize the heart,
With lover's pangs thy hours beguiling.

And why, O Love, should thy behest
Make my breast
Troubled as the storm-swept ocean?
Let me in *her* heart find place,
Or erase
From my breast, thy soft emotion.

D**

Dibdin, who is so much at home as a song writer *on deck*, is not less easy on shore. The following ballad is very easy and sprightly, and the week's journal of a giddy girl will divert our readers.

Lectur'd by Pa and Ma o'er night,
Monday at ten, quite vex'd and jealous,
Resolv'd in future to be right,
And never listen to the fellows,
Stitch'd half a wristband, read the text,
Receiv'd a note from Mrs. Racket:
I hate that woman, she sat next,
All church time, to sweet capt. Clackit.

Tuesday got scolded, did not care,
The toast was cold, 'twas past eleven;
I dreamt the captain through the air
On Cupid's wings bore me to Heaven:
Pouted and dined, dressed, looked divine,
Made an excuse, got Ma to back it,
Went to the play, what joy was mine,
Talked loud and laugh'd with captain Clackit.

Wednesday came down, no lark so gay,
The girl's quite alter'd, said my mother,

Cried Dad, I recollect the day
When, dearee, thou wert such another.
Danced, drew a landscape, skimmed a play,
In the paper read that widow Placket
To Gretna Green had run away,
The forward minx, with captain Clackit.

Thursday fell sick; poor soul she'll die:
Five doctors came with lengthen'd faces,
Each felt my pulse; ah me, cried I,
Are these my promis'd loves and graces?
Friday grew worse; cried Ma, in pain,
Our day was fair, heaven do not black it;
Where 's your complaint, love? In my brain.
What shall I give you—captain Clackit.

Early next morn a nostrum came
Worth all their cordials, balms and spices,
A letter, I had been to blame.
The captain's truth brought on a crisis.
Sunday, for fear of more delays,
Of a few clothes I made a packet,
And Monday morn stept in a chaise,
And ran away with captain Clackit.

The polite reader will readily remember an old song, ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh, of which two lines are,

If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be.

This beautiful little poem, which finely displays the jealous pride of a lover, has, we think, been imitated by Mr. Sheridan, in his charming opera, the Duenna. But Mr. S. is no plagiarist, and his copy is as enchanting as the original.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid, who seeks my heart,
Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure,
I must press it to be sure;
Nor can I e'en be certain then,
Till it grateful press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh;—
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

This little moral poem was written by Sir Henry Wotton, who died provost of Eaton, in 1639, aged 72; and is said to have been much admired by Mr. Addison.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill:

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Not ty'd unto the world with care
Of prince's ear, or vulgar breath:

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,
Or vice: who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, tho' not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

EPIGRAMS.

'Tis strange, Prudilla, you accuse
Of too much warmth my wanton muse
When you read on with all your might
And practice what I only write!

AN INSUPERABLE DIFFICULTY.

For Jack's good life to certify
Nor friends nor strangers can be got;
Those, who don't know him, know not why;
Those, who do know him, know why not.

On seeing a *Narcissus* in the bosom of a beautiful young Lady.

If Chloe's swelling seat of joy,
Had been thy blissful bier,
Then hadst thou died, enamour'd boy,
Not for thyself—but her.

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